

Day's Gone, Light's Passed

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Day's Gone, Light's Passed

by [kyoromii](#)

Summary

We are left to wonder,
when did it all go wrong?

or

Tracing the steps back to the beginning

A sequel/prequel to 'All Good Devils Masquerade Under the Light'

Notes

Hey! I am back! I am alive! and here with the continuation to my last fic :DD I've been thinking about this for a while and am happy to say I have a pretty good idea of what I'm gonna do with this so watch out for that.

I would also like to note that said plans will make it so this fic is absolutely not going to make sense if you didn't read the first one, so if you've made it this far without having read the first book I would suggest reading it to make this experience better!

I'm gonna be going a little experimental with this and I'll be doing my best not to disappoint!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Evergreen

When Tommy arrives home that night, as the eventful evening comes to a close, he is greeted by warm smiles that take in his form with a sense of normalcy.

There is a subtle squelch that haunts his footsteps, as an accompanying drip that dirties the floor. However he is seen, and he is beholden without much thought. He strides in as one would after a day in the markets, although empty handed his fingers are coated in life and swimming in death.

The atmosphere is easy in spite of his grotesque appearance, with his presentation nothing more than mundane to the home's occupants. With a toothy grin, he wordlessly greets his family, swiftly making his way to the bathroom on the second floor, not particularly miffed by the footprints he leaves on the wood.

He'll clean it up later, or maybe he'll get lucky and Wilbur will do it for him if it bothers him enough. For now he simply stands by the bathroom and waits for a basin to fill with water. There already sits a clean change of clothes neatly folded on the sink, undoubtedly Wilbur's doing for his anticipated arrival. Technoblade wanted the blonde to accompany him on a trip to their old home afterall, and Wilbur was frankly doubtful of Tommy's ability to dress himself.

"You'd think a century would bless you with at least some kind of style." The brunette would say, and Tommy would roll his eyes every time. It wasn't that he didn't, the blonde would like to think that he could put an outfit or two together after years of practice. It was simply that he always came back to the comfiest attire rather than the most fashionable if there was no one to impress. Vanity was hardly an issue when vampirism came as a package deal with eternal youth and a '*supernatural glow*'.

Technoblade had been putting off fetching some of his books from the old manor for a little less than half a century. It was absolutely ridiculous at this point, and the rest of them were a little sick of the disgruntled huffs the older would voice upon being unable to find a particular book at a particular time. So now Tommy was to keep the poor sod company while he retrieved his things, and as much as the younger liked to complain about it, he can't say he minds spending more time with the more stoic of his older brothers.

Tommy shuts the faucet, pulling off the ruined clothes and dunking them in the cooling water. He takes his shower, and promptly gets into the clothes Wil prepared for him. He pats down the pale blue sweater, brushing damp, gold locks out from the inside of his crewneck collar. Tommy is reminded that he should really get a haircut soon, but that's a thought for another day.

Tommy spares a moment to watch his bloody garments as they sit in the basin, observing as color lifts from the bloody stains, curling up into the water in pink swirls. There's something about the sight that fascinates him, despite the hundreds of times he's seen it before. Something about how the blood spills out in amounts he underestimates, the bloody visage blending in neatly with the garment's red cloth, only revealing itself in large plumes in the water.

The way it peels away from its center, leaving dried edges on its surface. The scene leaves him entranced, and somehow reminds him of the feeling of washing out your mouth with water. He vaguely recalls a desperation, a disgust, as he swirls around water to rid himself of blood that stains his mouth.

It's a distant, vague memory. Made of a string of events that are more narration than visual, he cannot point out if it's something that really happened, and he has no time to ponder on it either.

There's a knock on the bathroom door, and a voice calls for him. "Hey Theseus," His brother's gruff tone speaks, and Tommy startles from his place in the room "We're heading out soon, meet me downstairs in five."

Tommy quickly voices out his understanding, scrambling to brush his teeth as footsteps slowly fade away. The blonde nudges the basin into the corner as he gargles, and as he plucks a hair tie from a cabinet, he proceeds downstairs.

With his hair reaching his nape, the boy almost looked like Phil, or perhaps more so than he already did. Practically a mini me of the older, the only clear difference was the slight curls he had over the other. The youngest of the coven was no longer as boyish in his appearance considering the passage of time, holding a maturity in his features he once lacked.

He had long come to appear close to the same age of his two brothers, however in spite of it he is nevertheless treated the same, a little brother in every way except physical. The two still had centuries over him anyways, so it wasn't as if that would change anytime soon.

Once warm and mischievous, the blonde vampire seemed to embody a slight twistedness, his welcoming warmth but a gate to cold and devilish intent. Imp-like, rather than juvenile as he once was, and with the lines between the two so blurry, it proved effective in making him an unassuming threat.

The vampire in question reaches the bottom of the stairs with a pep in his step, gold curls pulled into a small ponytail. Technoblade is waiting for him by the doors of the home, eyebrows raised at the younger's display of energy.

His arms are crossed in lighthearted impatience, and with a bemused huff, the man opens the door. Exiting, he gestures for Tommy to follow, and the blonde is all too eager to speed after him.

They fall into step with one another easily, and the younger huddles with the other under the shared umbrella. The day seems to be a cloudy one, with the rising sun crawling behind clusters in the sky. It'll be a long while till they make it to the old mansion, but Tommy is more than willing to fill the silence.

The next day is filled with mindless chatter and continuous walking. They cross over busy streets onto grassy hills, and while the scenery comes and goes, a familiar unfamiliarity remains constant.

They pass places Tommy is sure he's been to, barely any of the nearby lands being untouched by his immortal feet.

He's always been rather restless, and when you have so much time on your hands it's easy to find time to explore. However the novelty that exploration often entails fades with repetition, and you never truly replicate the feeling of new places after that first viewing has long passed.

Tommy hasn't been alive as long as the rest of his family, but he's been around enough to have seen all this land has to offer. Yet even when he recognizes each path and forking road, the places often blend into one another as he tires himself in the details.

A beautiful tune will always get more boring once you've heard it hundreds of times before.

However the blonde can only be thankful that he isn't entirely sick of it yet, that the familiarity and stagnancy has yet to become grating; that the landmarks that only vary in the most inconsequential details have yet to get on his nerves.

It was inevitable that it would, eventually, but moving was an exhausting affair that required a lot of forethought. That and the fact that they didn't want to see *all* the world had to offer so soon. They had so much time on their hands still.

Phil had always said that the time to get a move on was something they would know when they felt it, the undeniable sign that they've overstayed their welcome, when the air becomes stale and the 'exciting' and 'comfortable' becomes a sight for sore eyes.

Tommy liked to think it would be a long while until they did, but he would admit that they were maybe around the halfway mark.

Long gone was the glimmer and shine of the unknown, rather readily settling into routine. The curiosities of the more modern day are more unremarkable with each passing day, and he finds that much of the thrill he ever really has nowadays is in his meals.

Regardless, he can't help but perk up as they approach the long-rotted walls of L'manburg. It's familiar and as lived in as their current place of residence, but it's been quite some time since Tommy has last seen it, and he'll admit that the sight of it ignites a peculiar warmth in his chest.

The entire city was more or less a discordant echo of what it once was, with its walls and structures crumbling in on themselves and an overgrowth seeping into it like moldy bread. Long gone was the poorly governed dystopia, and where it once stood resided a shoddy, lawless town inhabited solely by squatters.

The population seemed overwhelmingly sparse as they stood by the opening to the place, if you could even call it an opening. The grand wall that once separated Manburg from the rest of the world had all but fallen apart from years of neglect, and the mix of wood and metal that made its gate have long been left to rot into the ground.

From where he and Techno stood, the dirt roads were absolutely void of life, all but silent except for the minute scuffles only evident to the vampires' ears. They were very aware of the heartbeats of a couple dozen scattered across the area, but whoever they are wisely chose to keep to themselves in the shadows of the defunct civilization.

They were undoubtedly in Manburg, the place where Tommy lived, died, and began to live again. However the city is almost entirely unrecognizable to the sleepy coven's youngest.

It was kind of ridiculous to assume that he would still view the place with the same kind of intimate familiarity as he did centuries ago, but he supposes he'll never quite get used to the inconceivable magnitude time has on most things.

Tommy's earliest memories are fuzzy enough as is, and his recollection of his time as a human teen left much to be desired. However the things he does remember make it clear to him that these ruins are far from the Manburg he lived in, and what remains is but the graveyard of what was once his home.

It's in the same place, sure, made from the same bones and filling the same outlines. The city holds the shape of the Manburg Tommy never really loved, but found love in, yet it is unequivocally different. Not really aged, nor reborn; simply changed, or crippled, depending on how you looked at it.

Walking through the empty streets uninhibited, where they sense the life that lurks in the alleys part for the like a red sea, Tommy pushes down a humorless snicker.

Manburg was much quieter than it once was, less busy, but if there was one thing that hasn't changed, it's the misery that plagues the cursed towns. No matter what, it permeates the foundations of the shitty city and feeds off the people unlucky enough to stumble into its maw.

Unfortunate, really, but Tommy can't really get himself to feel bad. It's honestly exhausting to care about *everything* and rather impossible at that.

Besides, even cities have to eat, he supposes.

Amidst the rubble and run-down businesses, the familiar sight of the mansion draws closer in the distance. Tommy beams, glad to be so close to a goddamn chair. He of course had way more stamina than the average person, but he was pretty bored of walking at that point, and he wouldn't mind plopping down on some plush seats regardless of how dusty.

The blonde runs up to his pink haired brother who had been leading the way, looking to him as he made it to his side. "Yesss," He draws out, grinning toothily. "We're almost fuckin' there! I was this close to just hopping on your back and making you carry me the rest of the way there, big man." Tommy remarks, laughing at the unimpressed look his brother gives him.

"I would simply drop you." Is his dry reply, and Tommy makes a face of faux offence, hand moving over his heart in response. "You bitch! How dare you, I thought we were family." He cries, overdramatic but carrying an undertone of fondness. "Maybe Wilbur was right, he *is* the better brother."

Technoblade twitches at the notion, and Tommy almost bursts into laughter as he turns to glare at him. "Wil? The better brother? If you tried to jump on *his* back he would just turn to dust. He's younger than me but he's honestly more fragile than a set of fine china."

Tommy guffaws at the statement, shoving the older in the process as he breaks into a small smirk. "Wilbur acts like he's all that but he'll fold the moment you bring a pair of scissors a foot near his hair."

"Oh, the slander!" Tommy exclaims, all but wheezing at the string of lighthearted insults that escape Technoblade. The blonde was looking forward to snitching on him just for some entertainment later, but for now laughs along as they continue their walk.

There's a beat of silence that follows as his shrill laughter dies out, before he turns again to speak. "How many are we taking anyways?" He inquires, hands tucked into his pants as the other hums.

"Just a few of the good ones, and the originals, of course. But generally just what we can carry." He shrugs his shoulders, nonchalant.

Looking forward, the house is still a little ways away, and the sun shines as the day settles into the mid-afternoon. It's still bright out, but the city is cool as the clouds blanket the sky.

It isn't too sunny, in Tommy's opinion, and with the mansion in the distance, he quickly becomes antsy to do anything else than walk.

"Race you there?" He asks, hopeful and looking for some entertainment. However, Technoblade only shakes his head resolutely, not in the mood for any of the boy's usual shenanigans. The pink haired man is enjoying his walk like the old bitch he is, but Tommy is a stubborn boy, and he decides that he's getting there whether Techno is coming with or not.

"You're so lame." He starts, getting a little bit ahead of his older brother before turning, speeding up as he walks backwards. "I'll just meet you there then, bitch." He states, and before Techno can get a single word in, Tommy is already speeding away towards the direction of the mansion.

Jovially, Tommy runs through the twisting path, working more with muscle memory rather than any genuine recollection. He walks around the perimeters of buildings that no longer exist, imagining obstacles he once encountered every day.

He isn't entirely sure if he's completely accurate with his placements, and he'd be lying if he was confident in the images his memory projects on the abandoned city around him. However he follows them regardless, relishing in the nostalgia he feels as he does.

It's more passive of a feeling than he expected it to be, more detached than what he assumed nostalgia would feel like.

Perhaps it's the way his memory fails him, especially for this particular time in his life. They are all but silhouettes of such memories after all, its details muddled together like running ink and making images he can only remember in smudges.

Turning right to pass through the lot of an old house, Tommy notes that he can no longer see Technoblade behind him, probably taking his time as the younger all but sprints through.

He doesn't worry though, they'll be meeting up back at the manor anyways.

The house is open, walls crumbled and roof caved in. There's only a bit of its frame and drywall left behind, and what remains retains chars from what he assumes is a fire. He observes it with the same familiarity he had with the rest of the city, knowing it without really knowing it at all.

Tommy steps through the large yard, pulling his legs through the overgrown grass. He can see the Manor a few minutes away, and trudges over soft dirt to make his way there.

His shoes are definitely going to get dirty, and he can only hope Wilbur won't give him too much shit for it.

The grass is tall, tickling the bottom of his calves and covering the ground beneath him. Tommy is continuing to walk when he feels a hard surface under his feet, a stark contrast to the muddy floor he was once traversing.

He pauses for the briefest of moments, considering just going on his way without a second thought, texture changes being rather unremarkable with everything the blonde has experienced.

Yet he doesn't, something akin to curiosity brewing in the pit of his stomach. He reckons he has some time to spare, with his older brother still strolling like an old man, and he promptly pushes aside some of the grass with a foot.

He catches a glimpse of stone before the grass swings back into place, and with a tilt of his head he crouches down to get a closer look.

The grass is probably dirtying the bottoms of his light blue jumper as he sits on his heels, but Tommy was always a messy person, and he finds himself not really caring.

He uses a hand to push at the grass, and is surprised to see two flat marker gravestones firmly embedded in the ground.

Moss coats the weathered stones, filling in the cracks that adorn them like glue, crawling around its edges as if the earth is trying to reclaim it.

Pieces of the stones have fallen away, either sitting around it or missing entirely. It's clear that it hasn't been visited in a long time, with whatever flowers that might have been left behind withered into fragile shards. The engravings on them have lost almost all its detail, as most headstones do given they are not taken care of. The names of the deceased are unreadable, as are the dates beneath them, which doesn't come as a surprise with the history of the city.

Clearly, they must have died centuries ago, because Tommy frankly could not believe anyone wanting to bury their dead in Manburg if not for those who were stuck in it.

Deft fingers trace over the unintelligible words that grace the stones, and he is filled once again with a nostalgia he can't quite place. A nostalgia that's less detached this time than before.

He cannot read the names and he's sure he never will, but the shapes of each are familiar in an uncanny way. As if he knows the two buried somewhere six feet beneath him.

Tommy theorizes that he probably did, he's been alive for a while and it really isn't out of the realm of possibility. He's known many humans in passing, maybe watched them die as well even if it weren't to his own hand. Though he can never really put a name to them, and as he tries to rack his brain for who the two might be, that fact remains true.

He feels like it's just on the tip of his tongue, he *knows* this, or at least he should, but no matter how hard he concentrates his thoughts remain a jumble of foreign syllables and names that just don't sound quite right.

Red eyes continue to passively look over the stones anyways, and he lets out a huff, flicking away one of the stray stones.

The outlines of their names look like they couldn't be longer than six letters, but that's all he really gets from his second once over. Otherwise he's as lost and frustrated as he first started.

Tommy frowns, he isn't sure why he's so fixated on the markers in front of him, and generally he isn't one to really linger on these kinds of things.

However something pokes him in the back of his head about these particular gravestones, and Tommy can't for the life of him figure out what.

The sight of the two brings along a heaviness in his chest he can't quite place, where his eyebrows furrowed further and his fingers pressed into the indents of identities lost to time.

The heaviness is something he finds hard to describe, something empty and uncertain, that draws a breath from him even though he no longer needs it.

He presses a hand on the rough stone, moss, dirt, and all.

And curiously, it makes him feel...

sad.

Tribulation

Chapter Summary

tw for this chapter: slight suicidal ideation and violent reactions to grief

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Theseus?” A voice calls his attention, and Tommy all but whips his head around at the sound.

Looking at him with concern is Phil, his expression placating as he stands on the other side of the room. Having burst in only seconds prior, he looks at the boy before him with a sense of urgency, and despite the churning contempt in Tommy’s stomach, he can’t really blame him for feeling that way.

The entire room is a mess, he’s a mess. With eyes furious and red-rimmed, his blonde hair knotted and wild from his own, less than gentle, fingers.

The room is in disarray; chaotic and quite reflective of Tommy’s current well being. Where time is lost to him, and it feels like it could’ve been days, or merely minutes, and Tommy would be none the wiser.

He’s trapped in a haze of grief and blatant denial, and he would say that if he were still human, this would be where he would be drinking himself to death’s door.

Alas, alcohol means nothing to a vampire, being all but another beverage he can never enjoy. Instead, the fledgling has ransacked the home in a blur of tears, clothes left behind by dead men flung across halls and strewn over furniture. Cutlery litters the floor, and a mix of plates and antique glassware are in shattered piles on the ground.

The living room loveseat is toppled over, alongside an upturned cabinet that was once in one of the bedrooms. There are chairs missing parts, and chairs missing altogether, and Tommy doesn’t give a single fuck.

The air is heavy in the room, pungent and distinctly gasoline. Tommy stands in the center of it all, shoulders curled inwards as he embraces himself, unkempt nails digging into pale flesh. He is tense, lost in the tide of hysterics, and Phil’s presence does little to calm him.

In a mess of sobs and whimpers, Tommy manages to hiss at the elder, baring his teeth even as tears mar his cheeks. Quick fingers take a plate in his hand and fling it at the sire in a blur of movement.

Philza dodges easily, the porcelain exploding into bits as it meets the wall where he once stood.

“Fuck you!” The boy screams, voice strained from his non-stop crying. His throat grates against itself, stinging as he struggles to swallow between bouts of hiccups. His posture is withdrawn and apprehensive, and the strings that pull him taught only pull tighter at the arrival of Wilbur and Technoblade behind the older blonde.

Presumably drawn in by the commotion, the two look at him as one would a feral animal, caution drawn onto immortal features. They stand frozen parallel to him, and Tommy watches them with watery eyes, blinking away the blur of his own grief. He lets them stew in the scent of gas that wafts around them; all the more rancid in account for their vampiric senses.

Tommy does not tell them to stay away outright, but the three other vampires know a loose cannon when they see one, and Tommy’s fingers curl ever so tightly on a matchbox in his hands. Phil’s foot inches past the doorway slightly, and Tommy shrinks away from them with a snarl.

Technoblade sniffs in disapproval, stoic expression drawn tight while he looks at his youngest brother. He places a hand on Phil’s shoulder in an effort to get past him, and he fixes his gaze on the young blonde on the other end of the room. “Thes-”

“Don’t fucking call me that!” Tommy yells, disgusted, and Technoblade’s lips thin into a straight line. The pink haired vampire frowning at his distraught. Wilbur looks in from his other side, and there’s an awareness in his eyes that they can’t quite place. The brunette looks at Tommy with a solemn smile, and if he didn’t know any better he would think it was genuine.

“Tommy,” He starts, voice calm and inviting. Charming as ever, he tries to calm down the frantic fledgling, but his melodies do nothing to calm him. Instead fueling his spite and pressing down on his hatred for pity.

“I understand you’re upset- this is upsetting, and it’s hard. But you know we’re always here for you-” He tries to comfort, but the words are sharp in Tommy’s ears, inciting nothing but bitter rage in the blonde. His sorrow is magnified by the calming gestures, and the irrational feeling of offense leaves an acrid taste on his tongue.

A rising tide of emotion crashes through him once again, flooding in his lungs with the urge to scream. Tommy hates in that moment, he hates for an abstraction of feeling he cannot describe, nor can he rationalize.

His feelings are beyond his own comprehension, and his mind is numbed by the searing hot tears that run down his face, where he thinks the gasoline would sting less. Its fumes are persistent and unignorable, and though they blur his vision. Tommy thinks he sees the three vampires for who they really are through the overlay.

“I hate you!” He shouts, pale features highlighted in the dimly lit room. ”You don’t get to tell me that, you don’t get to act like this isn’t all your fault!” The sun is barely peeking over the

horizon, but the comfort of the arriving night does not lighten Tommy's contempt.

The three look at Tommy, confused. They stare at him as if they don't know, they look at him as if he doesn't know.

It sets his insides alight because he's sick of their games. He knows what they've done, he's so sure of it, and he can't help but feel enraged by their lack of accountability.

For all that they were, Tommy never took them for cowards. Yet here they stand in front of him like they're oblivious to their sins, and Tommy chases after vindication no matter how superficial.

"You killed them! You!" He cries, accusatory and oh so confident. His eyes blaze like a red hot flame, and his outrage is monstrous no matter how much his body shakes.

"You fucking did this. This is all your fault!" He spits, "They were everything I had, and you took them from me!" His throat is dry and scratchy, pulling his words into raspy shapes. It barely stings, but his pain is transcendent as his wily and youthful voice is reduced to a painful growl.

The cracks that make his heart are evident under the dimming light, and while he shatters in front of an audience of three, they have the audacity to look sad for him.

With drawn together brows and frowns of condolence, they continue to deny Tommy closure. They see a broken boy and turn their heads from their contributions. "We didn't do this," Wilbur argues, with a kind, understanding smile that stays even when Tommy throws another glass in his way.

Tommy shakes his head, wishing that he would just be angry so he can be proven right. He just wants to be right.

"We made a promise and we kept it, Toms. We wouldn't do that to you- we wouldn't go back on our word." He says, lying, because he is, no matter how honest he sounds. They're guilty because they have to be, because they're wrong, and they're evil, and they're wretched—and if they aren't, then Tommy has no one to blame but himself—and they're guilty.

Tommy is sinking onto the ground before he realizes it, pleas pouring from his lips. Less spitten like venom, and more whispered like a cry for help. He pleads for them to shut up, to admit to something- something even Tommy isn't sure of. Yet they do not pay him any mind.

They hover by the doorway. They stay there for him, and the gesture twists in his guts like a knife, slicing through him in a way he refuses to acknowledge.

The thing is, after you are deprived of the constants of mortality: the steady and unconscious breaths, and the lively beats of a heart; all the things you once did without thought, you begin to notice the loss of it. The uncanny absence of what made you human lingers long after it is taken, and the rest of the world's details interest you in a manner in which it is pieces of what you have lost.

Tommy is not exempt from this newfound observance, seeing with eyes that no longer flick to survive, instead watching with eyes that have all the time in the world to take that world in. The most frayed of threads catch his attention in his darkest moments, a valiant effort to find excitement in humanity outside of the bloodshed they can provide.

In this attention to detail, honesty shines in the eyes of the undead before him. There is no deception, no secrets, and Tommy is unsure if the truth is worth it.

“Humans die, Tommy. They age, they get sick, and they pass. We didn’t do anything to them.” Techno firmly says, and Tommy doesn’t believe a single word he says, doesn’t want to quite frankly.

He can’t believe what they say, because if he does he loses. He loses the game fair and square, and his friends are dead not because they were taken from him, but because he could never have stayed with them anyways.

He wants someone to blame, wants to scream and rage and have reason for revenge. Tommy wishes he could be right about them, but now it doesn’t feel quite justified.

Instead, he is left to brew in a guilt so overwhelmingly present—a guilt for something he could never have been able to control—while he stands in the midst of his own flammable misery.

Instead, Tommy cries.

Tommy buckles under the weight of his loss, crashing to the floor with a crumpled matchbox in hand. He has lost his humanity, his lifelong friends, and now, he has even lost his right to fury.

The blonde sobs into the ground, forehead pressed tightly to the gasoline stained floors. He lets himself choke on the smell of it, barely finding it in himself to gag when his sorrow spills out so abundantly. He briefly wonders if this hurts more than his turning, and in that same thought thinks he might look exactly like the vulnerable sixteen year-old he once was. Even now, when he’s decades down the road and wiser than he looks, he still feels like the skittering street rat that didn’t know any better.

As soon as he had crumpled, the three waiting by the doorway seemed to deem him safe to approach, and he was much too exhausted to react to the arms that wrap around him. Their cold skin somehow felt warm—if that makes sense—and he does not react as he is pulled against a warm chest where a heart remains unbeating.

His grip loosens on the matchbox, and he slumps into the comforting arms of the three people he wishes he could hate.

He’s utterly surrounded by them, held close and tight without a crack left for him to slip past, yet he isn’t as concerned as he thinks he should be.

“They’re gone. I’m alone. I want to die.” He says, quietly. defeated. Then there is a hand in his hair, unraveling its tangles. Then there are cold lips pressed against his hairline, and there

is a large, methodical hand holding onto his own.

“You are not alone, Toms. We’ll be here, even when the earth becomes a burial ground of stars.”

They burn down the house together the next day.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone long time no see or update or breathe HAHASDAH
So sorry for such a late and relatively short update! but I was kind of lost in terms of how I wanted to write this chapter and really get the emotions I wanted to convey across. Anyways, I'm still on the fence on whether I like this chap or not, but I felt that you all deserved to know that I am in fact, still alive.

Also, I may or may not be working on another sbi angst fic bc I'm mean and I am for some reason incapable of writing fluff.

Anyways, hope you enjoy this chapter and have a good day!

End Notes

I made a discord server! say hi :] <https://discord.gg/HmgK2dWbyq>

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!